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Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. JAKE.

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NUMBER 16.

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IRONTON LODGE, No. 244, K. of P., Ironton, Mo., meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. J. B. HOLLOMAN, C. R. C. DEMIER, K. of P. & S.

IRON LODGE, No. 107, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday at its hall, corner Main and Madison streets. P. VANCE, N. G. J. S. JORDAN, Secretary.

IRONTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 29, I. O. O. F., meets on the first and third Thursdays of every month in Odd-Fellows' Hall, corner Main and Madison streets. AGO. RIEKE, C. P. I. T. BALDWIN, Scribe.

STAR OF THE WEST LODGE, No. 133, A. F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall, corner Main and Madison streets, on Saturdays or preceding full moon. W. R. EDGAR, W. M. W. A. FLETCHER, Secretary.

MIDIAN CHAPTER, No. 71, R. A., meets at the Masonic Hall on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 7 P. M. W. R. EDGAR, M. E. H. P. E. D. AKE, Secretary.

VALLEY LODGE, No. 1870, KNIGHTS OF HONOR, meets in Odd-Fellows' Hall every alternate Wednesday evening. J. B. WALKER, D. A. HUFF, Reporter.

EASTERN STAR LODGE, No. 62, A. F. & A. M. (colored), meets on the second Saturday of each month.

IRON POST, No. 346, G. A. R., meets the 2d and 4th Saturdays of each month at 2 P. M.

FRANZ DINGER, P. C.
C. R. PECK, Adj't.

IRONTON CAMP, No. 160, Sons of Veterans, meets every 1st and 3d Saturday evening, each month, and every Tuesday evening for drill. C. C. DINGER, Camp Commander.
C. R. PECK, First Sergeant.

PILOT KNOB.
PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 253, A. O. U. W., meets every 2d and 4th Friday evenings, 7:30 P. M., upstairs in Union Church.

PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 155, I. O. O. F., meets every Tuesday evening at its hall. CHAS. MASHEN, C. P. Secretary.

IRON LODGE, No. 30, Sons of HERMAN, meets on the second and last Sunday of each month. WM. STEPHENS, President.
VAL. EFFINGER, Secretary.

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IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 430, A. F. & A. M., meets Saturday night on or before the full moon. LOUIS FETTER, W. M. J. A. PARKER, Secretary.

IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 280, I. O. F., meets Wednesday night of each week. JNO. DOWNEY, N. G.

J. A. PARKER, Sec'y.
IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 293, A. O. U. W., meets on the first and third Friday of each month.

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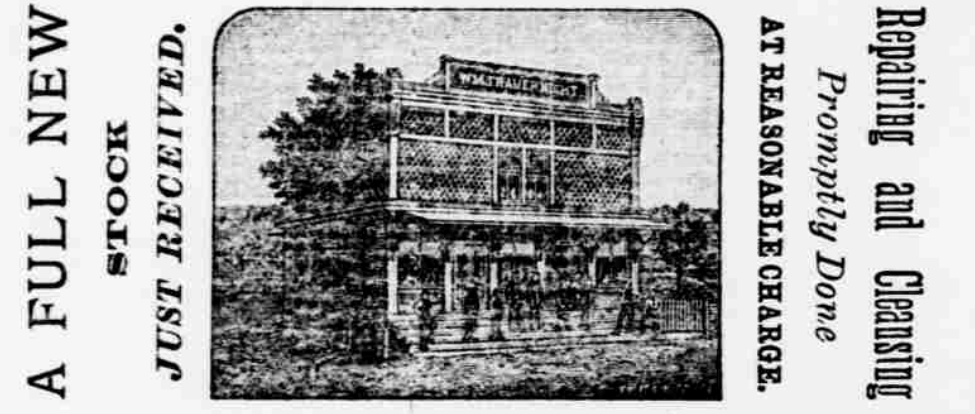
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MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

Some Delightful Sights in Italy and Switzerland.

We left Milan at four o'clock for Arona where we took a steamer on lake Maggiore at six, and reached this place at seven, where we found Professor awaiting us. He had gone ahead to arrange about our carriages over the Simplon pass.

We made one funny mistake that made us feel silly. At the town before Arona there was a sign out saying "Arona." Mr. R. saw this and thought it was Arona, so he called out "here we are," and we all piled out in a hurry. We were no sooner out than some one had sense enough to think that it wasn't time to get to Arona, and that it wasn't the place. So we had to get on again to the amusement of some of the natives. It was worse because nearly every one had extra luggage and packages that they had left at Milan when we were there before.

It rained when we were on the steamer, but we were not sorry for there was a beautiful rainbow, the first on our trip except those in the foam of the Rhine up in the Alps. Lake Maggiore is beautiful, more like Windermere than anything we have seen, though it is wilder. This afternoon the wind was up and there were little white caps all over the water. It is getting late and I must pack, for we start at six to-morrow morning for our trip over the Simplon.

Nyon, Switzerland, Aug. 24, 1892.

Monday was a glorious day. The showers of Sunday cleared the sky and laid the dust. From Pallanza we drove five miles to a station where we took the train and rode to Domo d'Ossola, where we found our carriages to take us over the Simplon. We rode until half past three when we reached the town Simplon and had dinner. Just before we got to Simplon we saw a water fall. On one side of the road the mountain stream falls in beautiful spray over the steep rock, and on the other it thunders through a narrow ravine with steep rocky sides. The water is carried with such force through this ravine that it breaks up into dashing spray. We stood on the edge of the precipice and looked down on the water roaring and tumbling way below. All around rose mighty mountains with bare rocky sides and one was covered with snow. The sight was magnificent.

After dinner six of us started ahead of the carriages to have a walk. They didn't start till half an hour later, and, as it was all up hill work for the horses they did not overtake us for sometime. I walked to the top of the pass—five miles—and never enjoyed anything more. The air was bracing and cool enough to be just right. As we went higher more snow-capped mountains with glaciers on them came in sight, so that when we got on top there was snow in three different directions. There was one magnificent glacier lighted by the sun. Little streams ran along the roadsides, with ferns and flowers growing on their banks. I gathered a beautiful little bouquet of forget-me-nots and anemones. In particularly beautiful places we sat down and enjoyed the scene.

At the top we got in our carriages, and then began the descent. It was just sunset and I shall never forget the glory the setting sun gave to the snow-capped mountains. As we went down the nearer mountains seemed to divide and showed more and more of the white range of which the Jungfrau forms a part. But the view of the many snow covered mountains was the grandest I ever saw. Grandma P. says she wishes Joshua had been along so that he could have commanded the sun to stand still. The sky changed from a golden yellow to pink. The whole heavens were interesting in every part. Little fleecy clouds caught the changing tints of the setting sun and added to the charm. It was just the time of day to see the view in. Professor says the light was far better than his last year's party saw it. After the last changing light of the sun had disappeared and darkness came we enjoyed looking at the stars, and the dim outlines of the mountains. We reached Brig at nine, had supper, and went to bed with the satisfaction of having been near the Creator for one day.

We left Brig at eight o'clock yesterday morning, and at twelve stopped at Montreux to see the castle of Chillon. Dinner was served so slowly that our visit was a hurried one. It is a beautiful place, and we should have been glad of more time. A girl took us through the prison and we saw the very pillar to which the "prisoner of Chillon" was chained. It is one of seven, which are covered with names, some of note. Byron, Shelley, George

Sand, Alexander Dumas and Victor Hugo.

At half past three we took the steamboat and had a lovely ride to this place. The water of lake Geneva is beautiful, though none of us think it quite equals lake Garda. Our hotel, as so many have been, is beautifully situated right on the shore of the lake. Mont Blanc is opposite, but the air has been too hazy for us to see it to-day.

We rode into Geneva in three quarters of an hour this morning. The day was devoted to shopping mostly, and has consequently been a hard one. I bought me a steamer rug.

Professor took three of us to see the water works. They are perfectly wonderful to me. There is a large building in the middle of the Rhone where the current of the river runs ten or twenty turbine wheels which in turn run pumps. The water is pumped up in pipes twenty feet or so, and this gives it force. There is one pipe which supplies the houses and another which supplies water to different manufacturing, some ten miles out of town. The force is equal to eight thousand horse power. Five miles below the river is dammed in the same way, and the power of the water is distributed.

To-morrow we go to Chamounix, the next day climb la Flegere and visit the glacier des Bossons. We come back here and then go to Berne and spend Sunday in Interlaken, thus changing our plan somewhat.

I've been writing this in the parlor where Miss F. is playing on the piano and others are chattering, so my wits are scattered. There are some little German and French children here who have been studying English. We had lots of fun listening to their talk to-night.

Some Things I Saw at the Exposition and Fair.

Ed. Register.—As I have been taking in St. Louis and the Exposition and Fair, will you let me tell, through your columns, some of your many readers that are like myself—stay at home folks—that do not have the time or opportunity to go when and where they please, some of the things I saw.

Saturday morning, October 15th, I took my grip sack and boarded the Arcadia accommodation for St. Louis. When we arrived, about nine or ten o'clock, the rest of the day I put in visiting my children and grand children and looking about the town.

Sunday morning we went to church at Grand avenue Presbyterian church a very fine church with beautiful stained windows representing many Scriptural scenes. We (I say we, for my son Charley was my chaperon for the week, as he is well up to the ropes) were seated in the fourth row of steps from the altar, so that I could perhaps hear. The organ was a very fine large one, and I could hear the quartet sing. They had good singing and a large congregation. I enjoyed the meeting very much. After services we took the electric cars and went out to the northwest part of the city, and took dinner with Dr. J. R. Smith and family. And, by the way, how funny it seemed to see those cars go kiting up hill and down. As a Chinaman said: "No horse, no mule, no engine, yet he go like de debble all de samee."

How different from the early days of fair times, when there were no street cars of any kind, nothing but the old fashioned buss or hack; and to ride now for miles just for five cents, and to sit and watch the conductors, as they went from car to car to gather the fares, his eyes always on the watch, he sees every one that gets on or off the cars; and the motor man as he sits in front and handles the levers to go ahead or stop.

Monday morning we started out for the day's sight seeing. First, we took the cars for Tower Grove park some miles west of the city. There we wandered about among the lakes, statues, flowers and trees. The grounds have over three hundred acres, and miles of the finest drives in the world, with groves of all kinds of trees, and banks of beautiful flowers. Every once in a while you come to seats where you can sit and look at all of the beautiful things. There are a great many fine pieces of statuary, some representing the ancient days.

After being satisfied with the grove we passed on to Shaw's Gardens, said to be the finest garden in the United States. I do not remember how many acres there are in the garden, but it is fenced in with a high wall with high massive gates. When we came to the entrance gate we were directed to go in. We stop to wonder if we are on earth or in heaven. We have been transported to some fairy land, a land of flowers, to the garden of Eden. I do not believe any pen can portray the beauties of this enchanted land; such green grass kept so close to the ground like velvet. The walks free from dust, not

a leaf or anything foul to mar the ground. As you come to some banks of the most brilliant flowers, you gaze with wonder and delight, you feel like repeating the lines:

"There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal dwell."
Here you pass a wall of flowers of most brilliant scarlet, here one of deepest blue; here one of brightest gold; here one of pure white; here we pass a fountain sending a stream of water high in the air, which comes down in spray and mist into a large pool, surrounded with water plants, with the greenest foliage of deepest green; how you come to groves of beautiful trees of all species, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hissing by the wall. We saw large fig trees loaded with figs; here we come to a temple made of granite, six-sided, with large windows, as you look in you see the owner of all this beautiful garden, Henry S. Shaw, as he lay on his death bed. As you pass on you come to a large group of glass houses; here is a house devoted to all of the known species of cactus, some reaching to the roof; here you see all of the palm family; I saw for the first time the bread fruit tree; and oh, such a variety, one almost becomes bewildered. After spending hours looking at all of the wonderful and beautiful things, we take our leave of the land of beauty, and reaching home with a feeling that this is a beautiful world.

After resting and a good dinner, we took a horse and buggy and rode out in the country to see some of the great gardens, that supply the St. Louis city markets with all its different vegetables, and we passed acres and acres of vineyards, the hills were green with vines loaded with luscious fruit, and acres and acres of the different kinds of small fruits.

In our drive we went through South St. Louis park, which is, and will be, one of great beauty when finished. The land is very broken, high ridges and deep valleys with a great number of small lakes. Here we saw a small park for deer, but the deer looked homesick, the park is too small and on too low ground; the bucks horns were both broken in trying to get out. I felt sorry for the poor things.

There was one thing that astonished me, to see so poor fences. For miles along the King's Highway, I saw fences that were a disgrace to any country. There was not that neat tidy look that I had expected to see. Cuckleburrs! I never saw such rank, such a tremendous crop of cuckleburrs in my life. All along the side walks I saw ladies skirts loaded with great mats of burrs that had caught on while their skirts swept the side walk. On our way back we made two or three calls in South St. Louis. We called on Dartin McAnally, one of the oldest ministers of the Methodist church in St. Louis; he is up in the eighties, we found him very feeble for sickness and the infirmities of age.

I was astonished at the south of St. Louis; new houses being built in every direction, of all sizes and shapes. As we drove down in the lower part of the city near the river, we saw several steamboats, some going up and some going down. But the good old days of boating have largely passed away.

On our way back, we drove upon some of the high bluffs that rise above the surrounding country, and, as we sat and looked way down and up the river, and off to the east over in Illinois, way west as far as the eye could reach, we saw one great vast country of the richest land, the richest farms, with great fields of corn, the hill sides covered with orchards and vineyards, and a great city spread out with its thousands and thousands of homes and stores; and in every direction you could see train after train coming and going with its long line of cars, looking like a great centipede drawing its hideous length along. How different it looked from what it did fifty years ago.

T. P. R.

Two Men—Two States.

Two men happened to be in the peculiar position of controlling their respective States in the present national contest. They are Senator Hill, of New York, and Judge Gresham, of Indiana.

These men have each a political following that takes its inspiration directly from its leader, and the following of each is quite ample to hold the balance of power between the two great parties.

Had Senator Hill decided to refuse the laboring oar for the Cleveland ticket in New York, Harrison's success in that pivotal State would have been assured beyond a doubt. With his cordial support of Cleveland, the Democratic candidate can't be defeated in the Empire Commonwealth.

Had Judge Gresham given a cordial support to Harrison this year as he did in 1888, it would have been possible

for Harrison to win its Electoral vote, but with Gresham openly against Harrison and for Cleveland, only a political earthquake can give Harrison the victory in his own State.

Judge Gresham's following in Indiana, while as devoted as that of Senator Hill in New York, is of an entirely different character. It is made up of the more thoughtful Republicans who are not spoilsmen, and they believe in Judge Gresham because he stands out single from the common herd of great men in his stubborn political honesty. Hill's followers are party men and for party victory with all the spoils for the victors, and they are an important factor in the politics of to-day are the men of conviction, who accept higher aims in politics than party plunder.

President Harrison is not personally popular in his home State or elsewhere, but the opposition that is reflected through Judge Gresham is not the creation of a lack of magnetism in the candidate. It is opposed to monopoly tariff taxes; it is opposed to national profligacy and it is opposed to the perversion of party power to promote favorites and punish integrity. The defection of Judge Gresham means the next to certain defeat of Harrison in Indiana, and adds much to the admitted uncertainty of Illinois.—Philadelphia Times.

CIRCUIT COURT DOCKET—OCTOBER TERM, 1892.

MONDAY—FIRST DAY OF THE TERM.

Attorneys.	Style of Action.	Cause of Act'n
Jordan No 1	State vs. T. R. Goulding	Abortion.
Edgar No 2	Thos. Butts vs. Souder et al	Equity
Walker No 3	M. J. Crews vs. C. W. Schneider	Guaranty
Zwart No 4	R. L. Lindsey vs. M. J. Riley	Ejectment
Walker No 5	R. L. Lindsey vs. A. Sullivan	Ejectment

TUESDAY—SECOND DAY OF TERM.

Durham No 6	Orr & Lindsey vs. Edgar & Jordan	Replevin
Walker No 7	Wm. Nance vs. St. L. M. Ry.	Damages
Clardy No 8	B. F. Glover vs. St. L. M. Ry.	Damages
Walker No 9	C. Graham vs. St. L. M. Ry.	Damages
Clardy No 10	Ex Parte V. J. Loyd	Application to practice law
Nancy & Carry No 11	E. J. Lloyd vs. St. L. M. Ry.	Damages
Carter et al No 12	G. & S. W. Ry. vs. Wayne counts	Damages
Edgar No 13	J. A. Middleton vs. D. Middleton	Divorce
No 14	W. M. Long vs. Jos. Kinch	Account
Clover et al No 15	State vs. H. Bruce	Assault with kill
Johnson No 16	State vs. John Warren	Libel
Jordan No 17	State vs. H. B. Count	Selling liquor etc
Edgar & Jordan No 18	State vs. Jacob Moses	Unlawfully selling liquor
Jordan No 19	State vs. Paul Patton	Assault
Beyerdorf No 20	State vs. M. Johnson	Burglary and larceny

WEDNESDAY—THIRD DAY OF TERM.

Yancy No 21	Mo. Glass Co. vs. E. R. Casbeer	Attachment
Johnson et al No 22	Greely Gro Co. vs. E. R. Casbeer	Attachment
Yancy No 23	Stimmons H. Co. vs. E. R. Casbeer	Attachment
Johnson et al No 24	Wear, I. & Co. vs. E. R. Casbeer	Attachment
Levy & Johnson No 25	T. T. Baldwin vs. F. R. Lever et al	Equity
Dinning et al No 26	I. A. Gresham vs. F. L. U. Ass'n	Account
Davidson No 27	C. Gresham et al vs. F. L. U. Ass'n	Account
Clover No 28	State vs. Thos. O'Neill	Embezz't

THURSDAY—FOURTH DAY OF TERM.

Jordan No 29	M. Becker vs. Wm. Becker	Divorce
Dinger No 30	Ada Winkler vs. C. Winkler	Divorce
Jordan No 31	T. Menard vs. Mary Menard	Divorce
Zwart No 32	J. C. Ayer vs. J. L. Twiggart	Attachment
Edgar & Jordan No 33	W. D. Russell vs. Heirs of Watts	To perfect title
Dinger No 34	A. Callow vs. J. S. Callow	Divorce
Walker No 35	Chris Eisman vs. W. F. Eisman	Equity

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